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AN ELEGY ON HIS EXCELLENCY Lieutenant-General Tolmach.

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AN ELEGY ON His Excellency Lieutenant-General TOLMACH.

SINCE Heav'n, from *Albion*'s once lov'd Iſle eſtrang'd,
Has into frowns its benign Aſpect chang'd;
And pleas'd to interrupt her joys,
The bleſſings ſhe in her great *Tolmach* found,
With which her Fields, while grac'd with him, were crown'd,
Severely in their Author them deſtroys,
And in her tendereſt part gives her a Mortal Wound:
Why, in this great occaſion to complain
Does *Albion* ſeem inſenſible?
O why ſuppreſs her Sighs, her Tears reſtrain?
Nor offer at her Patron's Herſe
A Sacrifice of Monumental Verſe?
That might her grief great as her ſuff'rings tell;
And Celebrate the mighty name
That ſwells the Regiſtrys of Fame,
That Name, whoſe juſt Applauſe is the main ſource of hers?

II.

Rouze, you ungrateful Scribling Crew,
Who with your tribute of groſs flatteries come
To wait on every meaner Tomb,
But where you ſhou'd be loudeſt-tongu'd, are Dumb;
Think what is to the name of *Tolmach* due;
Of whom the wonders you declare
So far from Adulation will appear,
They cannot reach his glorious Character.
Juſtly to him your praiſe belongs,
Whoſe great exploits gave you a copious theme,
And did inſpire each Muſe with thoughts ſublime,
In imitation of them,
But ſtill, alas! inferiour to him,
The nobleſt Subject, and the beſt rewarder of your Songs.
For as his Virtue did exalt your ſtrains
Above the pitch of Common thought and ſenſe,
He amply did requite your pains
By his unparalel'd Munificence;
He made your Laurels fructifie,
And rais'd you to the heights of Poetry,
Freed from the preſſure of its Indigence.

III.

Raiſe then your Voices, and his Praiſe declare,
Thus to the World you will your Verſe endear,
And raviſh every liſt'ning Ear.
Tell of his Noble Aſpect, graceful Mein,
In which beholders took a ſtrange content,
Fitted to hold the glorious Things within,
And what it did contain, to repreſent.
There Wit and Senſe were in abundance found;
But leaſt, as Waters that their Banks o'erflow,
Theſe ſtreams ſhou'd ſhallow by dilation grow,
A ſolid Judgment did their courſes bound,
Which ſtill preſerv'd their Depth and Current too,
And made their Silence as themſelves, profound;
Not noiſie with impertinence,
The certain mark of a low Ebb of Senſe.

IV. Nor

IV.

Nor did his Courage to his Wit give place;
As great, and yet as quiet too it was;
Free from all offers of offence,
Conceal'd within his Breaſt it lay,
As Seeds of Fire hid in their Parent Stone,
Nor eaſily wou'd it be tempted thence,
Till urg'd by Provocation,
The angry Sparks forc'd thence their burning way,
And made his real Brav'ry known,
That cou'd reſent a wrong as well as offer none.
But if his Country, dear as Life or Fame,
Bid him unſheath his Sword in its defence,
His Blood was quickly in a flame,
And in each Vein beat briſk alarms,
To call her great Defender out to Arms;
Such for her weakneſs was his ſhame,
Such of her Suff'rings was his tender Senſe.

V.

Hibernia, that unhappy Land
That boaſts her wholſome Soil no Venom breeds,
Yet never wants Rebellion's poys'nous Seeds,
Her Empreſs *Albion* durſt withſtand,
And ſtrove to wreſt the Scepter from her Hand;
Who then ſo fit in *Albion*'s Cauſe to Fight,
As he who did in *Albion*'s Peace delight:
And was the great Aſſerter of her Right?
Tolmach is ſent her Vaſſals to reduce;
Tolmach the Brave, who cou'd not brook to ſee
An Arbitrary Pow'r her Laws abuſe,
And cramp her Native Liberty:
Him ſhe deſires, him ſhe's oblig'd to chooſe;
Nor cou'd ſhe find, in her Heroick Store,
One that wou'd ſtudy her Advantage more,
Or in her Cauſe be more of Life profuſe.

VI.

Athlone, by Art and Nature Fortified,
Put a ſtrange Non-plus to the *Engliſh* Arms,
Their Courage baffled, and their ſtrength defied,
Doubly ſecur'd from Harms,

Till *Tolmach* found away they did not dread,
(Since ſuch a dangerous Enterpriſe
No Courage durſt attempt, no Thought deſign, but his)
A way as unſuſpected as unknown,
At once to gain their River and their Town;
Follow'd by Numbers of admiring Friends
(Who wou'd not follow where he led?)
Into the *Shannon* boldly he deſcends,
As *Cæſar* once into the *Rubicon*;
Th'affrighted River from him fled,
Quitted its Poſt, and did to *Lym'rick* haſte,
(The Rebels ſtrongeſt Refuge and their laſt,)
Nor thought its Stream had now ſufficient ſpeed;
While to th'aſtoniſh'd Town he ſafely paſs'd,
And on the conquer'd Walls his flying Enſigns plac'd.
Thus daring Minds no difficulty know,
The Courage that in great Attempts they ſhew,
Enables them to conquer what it leads them to.
Soon Wars loud Tumults in *Hibernia* ceaſe,
Subjected to her Soveraigns Pow'r:
Pleas'd with the Bleſſings of his gentle Reign,
The Golden Plenty, and the Downy Peace,
Which, as his happy Conqueſt did reſtore,
His more triumphant goodneſs does encreaſe;
And now ſhe tunes her ſilver Lyre again,
To Sing her Liberty regain'd,
Which, if unconquer'd, ſhe had ne'r obtain'd,
Since ſhe no longer buſineſs does afford,
To exerciſe our Heroes Sword,
He haſtens to the *Belgick* ſhore,
That does his ſtrong ſucceſsful Arm implore,
To free it from th'encroaching *Gallick* Pow'r,
Which with the Title of *Moſt Chriſtian* dreſs'd,
Does *Chriſtendom* worſe than the Turk infeſt.

VIII.

But to ſuppreſs this pow'rful Foe,
And wound him deeper with a nearer blow,
The *Britiſh* Navy is for *France* deſign'd,
France muſt again that dreaded Courage know,

That

That Courage that had often brought her low;
And whom cou'd *Albion*, but her *Tolmach*, find
That with more Vigour wou'd her Armies head,
Or one by whom they wou'd be rather led?
Whoſe dreaded name, like *Talbot*'s heretofore,
Wou'd through thoſe Fields her Fame more largely ſpread,
And fright French Children, but their Fathers more?
The Engliſh Bravery in *France* well known
And own'd peculiarly Ours,
Which laſt inglorious Age out-liv'd,
And long lay buried with our Anceſtors-
In *Tolmach* was reviv'd,
And we th'Original muſt own
Amended and Enlarg'd in this Edition.

IX.

But, Oh! what Pow'r, envious at *Albion*'s joy,
Blaſts her with a malignant breath,
And does her gawdy blooming Hopes deſtroy!
Scarce had he touch'd th'inhoſpitable Shore,
Which all around for fear began to roar;
When from th'Encounter of a fiery Storm
A ſwift, tho' heavy Meſſenger of Death
Too well its hateful Errand did perform
And forcing a remoter part
Made way for Fate too ſoon to reach his heart,
And boldly tell him he muſt be no more.
When this th'advancing Soldiers knew,
Cold as he their Courage grew,
France had no way but this to ſhock them ſo:
Their General's Life is all their care,
Which to preſerve they haſtily retreat,
The Fate of *France* and their Revenge defer,
To wait on a concern more near and great.

X.

Back to his Native ſoil convey'd,
His drooping Head he on her Boſom laid,
And in her Service waſted, yet untir'd,
As fearleſs as he liv'd, expir'd,
And for the Breath ſhe gave too largely paid.
France by his Death already grown too proud,

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Wanted the honour of his grave,
This privilege injurious Fate allow'd
To be for *Albion* reſerv'd,
Whom as his Life he lov'd, whom with his Life he ſerv'd:
Nor cou'd ſhe next his Life, a greater bleſſing crave
Than to preſerve him, Dead, who her, alive did ſave.

XI.

See *Albion*, ſee thy General brought home,
Not crown'd with Conqueſt, as he us'd to come,
But by Inconſtant Fate betray'd,
Himſelf a bleeding Victim made;
Ah then diſſolve into a briny Flood,
And let it flow in Conſort with his Blood.
But, Oh! The precious Balm is ſhed in vain,
No Virtue is in that or Phyſick found
To keep out death, and heal the gaping wound:
That Sluice does Life's whole treaſure drain.
Not all thy Sighs can him with Breath ſupply,
Not all thy Pray'rs his fleeting Soul recal,
But in thy Arms thy Champion muſt dye,
Pleaſing himſelf with what thou do'ſt lament,
The loſs of Life in thy lov'd Service ſpent,
And only deems the Sacrifice too ſmall.
Since then for thee, the gen'rous *Tolmach* dies,
To his great Memory juſt Trophies raiſe,
For which he Death may prize!
That his pleas'd Soul from its exalted Seat
May triumph in his Fate,
So well deſerving, and ſo full of praiſe.
While in a peaceful Grave his Body lies,
The Guardian Relick of our Iſle
Berkeley in *France* performs his Obſequies,
And makes whole flaming Towns become his Fun'ral Pile.

F I N I S.

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